To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
Rosal. Why thats the way to choake a gibing spirrit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles,
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare,
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirrit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Berow. A twelue month? well; befall what will befall,
Ile iest a twelue month in an Hospitall.
Queen. If sweete my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
King. No Madame, we will bring you on your way.
Berow. Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
King. Come sir, it wants a twelue month an'aday,
And then twill ende.
Berow. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweete Maiestie vouchsafe me.
Queen. Was not that *Hector?*
Duma. The worthie Knight of *Troy.*
Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta*
To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere.
But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prayse of the
Owle and the Cuckow? it should haue followed in the
ende